



Morph-master of crystals



👁 65 ✓ 0 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Daniel Pankuch

It was late evening and numerous clouds were joyfully clothing in the delightful robe of sunshine as the Sun was leaving the scene. Agante was sitting in one of the alleys of the upper citadel in The Light-born quarter, probably being the last one to enjoy the scenery for the rest of the city was already laid in dark. He was amusing himself by morphing angular crystals in the golden glare while waiting for the high grandmaster of magic to finally honour him and to certify his status of the Crystal-mage.

That was just in time so he could sign his tournament registration. Every year a big festival of magic craft is organized and the main event is a big mage tournament, in which magic users of all ranks duel each other. For pupils this is great way to train and test their skills, but for mages, it is a matter of prestige.

As 22 years old Agante won the tournament in the Morph-master category, second time in a row. In that time his abilities were equal to a low ranked mage, but he could not compete in Mage category because he could not be given a mage title. For by the law, the bearer of the Mg. title has to be at least 30 years old with minimum of 15 years of registered study of mage craft. Since his last victory he did not participate on the games and rather invested his time to study and train the craft. So if they eventually accept his request for law exception, he could compete

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

He stood up, stretched himself looking at the distant massive wooden doors. He focused his sight and in this very moment he felt that something was terribly wrong. He was fooled by hiding spell.

He quickly casted away his coat and rushed towards the doors. The Flow went through his veins setting aflame tattooed runes in a turquoise glare on his forearms. As he was near, the door shuttered in enormous blow of energy. He sprang to the side and shielded himself from the burning shards.

He entered the round room prepared to fight but the battle was already over. Just burning ruins of what used to be a working office. He saw grandmaster Eliah Shoreem, on his knees, head down, mana shield sphere collapsing around him like broken glass.

Agante approached him swiftly, "Grandmaster Shoreem! What...? Oh no." He spotted blood running from a big wound on mans right hip. He immediately started to focus energy to perform one healing spell he knew.

"Oh hello, Mr. Rownan. Don't bother yourself with that." Eliah stopped him.

"It will do no good, I have been poisoned by Corruption ivy, but I realized it too late, I should have known."

"Who was it?" asked Agante, observing the wound. "We need to get you a healer." He stood the man up pushing on his wound and dragging him out of the room.

"They must have poisoned my tea." Muttered old man.

"Who? Who did it? Grandmaster, tell me." He asked again. "Help!" His calling echoed in the alley.

"Damn them, but I got one of them... at least one filthy bastard." Eliah made a victorious smile and collapsed. He was dead. There was no way to help him.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account